The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in Great Britain.

Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 115.] SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886. [ONE PENNY.

POOR PA AT SOUTHEND.

"It appears, my dear, that my unfortunate Parent has during the week been gracing Southend with his presence, and has caused a nice scandal indeed, through paddling out and seating himself on the steps of a Bathing Machine belonging to some of the "Friv." Girls. I hear Mamma, who was out for a row with Alexandry and that awful Higgins at the time, was perfectly paralysed with the shock."—TOOTSIE.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

1. *Skinning the Lamb.*—Iky Moses, Esq., "does a bit" at the Oxford and Cambridge Match.

2. McNab, of that Ilk, takes Auntie Geeser to Henley Regatta. Auntie feels queer.

3. *Strawberries and Cream.*—Tottie Goodenough spooned by the Eton and Harrow boys at Lords.

TROUBLESOME HUSBANDS.

IN speaking of secret poisoning, the *Abbé Galiani* says:—"At Naples the mixture of opium and catharides, in known doses, is a slow poison—the surest of all, and the more infallible as one cannot mistrust it. At first it is given in small doses, that its effects may be insensible. In Italy we call it *Aqua di Tufania*—Tufania water. No one can avoid its attacks, because the liquor is as limpid as rock-water, and without taste. Its effects are slow and almost imperceptible. A few drops of it only are poured into tea, chocolate, soup, &c. There is not a lady in Naples who has not some of it lying carelessly on her toilette with her smelling bottles. She alone knows the phial and can distinguish it. Even the waiting-woman, who is her confidant, is not in the secret, and takes this phial for distilled water, which is used to moderate perfumes when they are too strong."

In 1730, there was living in a convent in Naples a woman, Tophania or Toffana, from whom the poison derived its name. She distributed, it was said, by way of charity her deadly "drops" to such wives as wished to have other husbands. From four to six drops were sufficient to destroy a man; and it was asserted that the dose could be so proportioned as to operate in a certain time.

She distributed her poison in small phials with this inscription, "*Manna of St Nicholas of Bari*," and ornamented with the image of the saint. A miraculous oil, employed by

the grossly superstitious in cure of almost all diseases, drops from the tomb of the saint shown at Bari, in the kingdom of Naples, and on that account was the best appellation which she could have bestowed on her poison, because the reputed sanctity of it prevented the custom house officers from examining it too closely.

She was at length seized and thrown into prison. The clergy raised an outcry on account of the violation of their sanctity, but they were appeased on a report being spread that Tophania had confessed she had poisoned all the springs in the city. Being put to the rack, she acknowledged her crimes, named those who had protected her, who were immediately dragged from churches and monasteries, and declared that the day before she had absconded she had sent two boxes of her manna to Rome, where it was found in the custom house, but she did not accuse anyone of having ordered it. She was afterwards strangled, and her body thrown at night into the area of the convent from which she was taken.

In the year 1659, it was observed at Rome that many young married women were left widowed, that many husbands died when they became disagreeable to their wives. Several of the clergy declared also that for some time past various persons had acknowledged at confession that they had been guilty of poisoning. Suspicion fell upon a society of young married women, whose president was an old woman who pretended to foretell future events, and who had often predicted exactly many deaths to persons who had cause to wish for them. To ascertain the truth, a "crafty female," given out to be a person of considerable distinction, "was sent to her to procure some of her drops for a cruel and tyrannical husband." The whole society were by this trick arrested, and all of them, except the fortune-teller, whose name was Spara, confessed before they were put to the torture. In order to deter others from committing the like crime, Spara and four other women were hanged in the presence of a great crowd. Some months afterwards, several more women were executed in the same manner, some were whipped, and others banished from the country.

Within a few months, much the same sort of thing has been brought to light, and wholesale husband poisoning would appear to have not gone entirely out of fashion, even in this year of grace.

* * * * * *

For a moment—yet again, aye, even once more, for truth is stranger than fiction—two young, bright, beauteous, buoyant boys bounded blithely from the book wherein they had perused these cheerful details, and for a few brief moments alternately tucked in tuppenies, to be cleared in turn by each agile vaulter.

Presently one missed, and they fell in a lump.

Anon, after a little scrapping, in which one nose, at least, swelled visibly, they shook hands, and all was forgiven.

"Billiam," whispered Alexandry (for 'tis to Higgins and Sloper, junior, strange as it may appear, that I refer), "what was that toffy-water they talk about. Evelina and me had a try at orange wine with a bit o' peel and three pips, and we were very bad indeed, when we caroused on it out of a wooden egg-cup."

For a moment the Blood-stained, Gore-glutted, Sanguinarily Besplashed was silent. Then suddenly clutching his friend's wrist, he hissed betwixt his clenched teeth, "This very night we will to work. The Aqua Toffidrop must be distilled. Hast thou a halfpenny upon thy body, trusty comrade."

"No, I ain't; and you owe me twopence already."

And once more they disagreed.

(Next week—well, there!)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "The Family," will be answered in due course.

George Whittle, Jun. (Lower Edmonton.)—*Friend, Ally reciprocates thy undiminished admiration with unbounded adoration.*——G. A. J. (Peckham, S.E.)—*Thanks for your appreciation.*——Myra (Ilkley, Yorkshire).—*Sweet Myra, when thou readest this, thou wilt be sorry that thou didst accuse thy Ally of dishonesty, for thou wilt have discovered that he did not misappropriate the two halfpenny stamps. Thou didst not enclose a stamp this time, as thou seemest to imagine. Toujours à toi!*——W.O.M.A.N. (Peckham, S.E.)—*Mrs. Sloper was not seriously hurt, thank you.*——Mrs. Heard (Seymour Street, W.)—*Declined with thanks.*——Mort Fete, F.S.A.C.—*Many thanks for offer, but your epic is too grand, too stupendous, for the* "Half-Holiday."——J. C. Gill (Ludgate Hill, Leeds).—*Receive Ally's very best thanks for your fancy sketch of himself. He thinks it extremely clever, and it shall have a place of honour.*——T. J. Rice, M.U.G.—*The cup has been placed among the "Relics," as you desire. Thanks.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

3 months, 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

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"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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"THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE."

Each line to commence with the letter as shown hereunder:—

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In consequence of the enormous number of competitions which will be received, Major Penny, a retired officer, with very little to do, has kindly consented to oblige the Eminent; so please address

MAJOR PENNY,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close* Saturday, July 17th.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Ally Sloper boasts that when he was a young man he was so popular, that he never went away from his lodging but he left his landlady in tears. This is very probably true, particularly if he then followed his present custom, and went away without paying his rent.

***

Beef Bones, to Roast.—This seems, at first sight, a most absurd recipe, for what on earth is the use of a roast *bone*. Presuming we could masticate it, it would not be digestible. But perhaps they are to give away to the poor; if so, it doesn't much matter how you cook them—they'll be good enough for them.

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 115.—The "Eton and Harrow" Costume.

MRS. SLOPER ON THE MARGATE BOAT.
Her naturally sweet temper slightly disturbed.

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.
One of Dr. Grace's twisters.

PODGERS AT HASTINGS.
Podgers, who has brought the youngsters for a holiday to the seaside, wonders if he will feel any evil effects if he sports a shilling or two for a sail upon the briny; but, suddenly remembering his last experience, and also that his wife, who is not present for the time being, has care of the money, decides to forego the pleasure (?)

SUIT-ABLE.
Snobson, wishing to be present at the Newmarket July Stakes, determines to go in a dress *à propos* of the occasion.

MRS. PIKESTAFF AT YARMOUTH.
What could be nicer or more lady-like; and if is *is* the style of five years ago, what does that signify?

It is a nuisance when young people will insist upon holding out their paws for you to shake, and that you are expected to raise your hat to mere dabs of girls not half your height and a quarter your age, to the detriment of your hat and the ditto of your health.

***

Why is the first of July like a piano that hasn't been played upon for years? Because—no, I don't like to. Go on! Because it's out of—no, I don't think I can. Go on, silly. Because it's out of what? Well, no, really you must excuse me, but I'd rather not. Don't be absurd. Because it's out of what? Well, must I? Yes, of course. Because its out of—I'd much rather be excused. Don't be so ridiculously silly. Besides, we get all sorts of things sent to us. Well, then, if you *must* have it—Because it's out of June!

***

Charley. What a wonderful thing a bicycle is! Is it not a marvellous invention?

Fred. Y-e-s, but I saw a far more useful invention the other day, more comfortable to ride on than a bicycle, and *with only one wheel.*

Charley. Nonsense! impossible! you are joking!

Fred. It is a fact, my friend, I can assure you. Indeed, there is one coming along the road now—look! *Charley looked, and beheld*—a wheelbarrow! Tableau!

***

A captain, rather past his work,
His duty daily tried to shirk,
To our extreme vexation;
In wiser ranks, at any rate,
He would have been a candidate
For superannuation.

If for a "board" detailed was he,
Or for "fatigue" or "orderly,"
Or at the butts to shoot, he
Searching for substitutes began,
Till through our lines the saying ran,
"Thompson expects some other man
Each day will do his duty."

***

"I am going to raise your rent, Mr. Hardup," exclaimed that gentleman's landlord the other day. "I'm very much obliged, I'm sure," replied Hardup; "I've been trying for some days, but I can't raise it myself."

***

The Electric Light, whilst admirable on the score of its brilliancy, is nevertheless subject at times to great unsteadiness, and it has been known to go out entirely. Hence the electric light is a good light, but too elec-tricky!

***

"Why is your landlady's "slavey," when she is in the act of varnishing up your old patent leathers, like a schoolmaster teaching the young idea how to shoot?—Why, because, don't you see? they are both of 'em *polishing the understandings.*

***

One afternoon, in Dolly's Coffee House, Boswell was praising the talent of a particularly silent man who had just quitted the room.

"You would be surprised, sir," concluded Boswell, "at the fund of wit and information he possesses."

"So he should," replied Dr. Johnson, "for I am sure he never expends any."

***

One has heard of "odd fish;" also of "fish out of water," but surely that must have been a *very* "odd fish," who, when taken out of his native element, declared there was "no place like home." Why, where could he have flounder-ed from?

***

To play at tennis in July
Upon the verdant lea,
Ere yet the shades of evening fall,
Is happiness to me.

Like bolting horse I up and down
Maniacally tear;
And hearts of ladies looking on,
I break like china ware.

I meant to pop the question once
To sweet Teresa Tacker;
She filled my mouth with strawberries,
And so I couldn't ask her.

***

"Ah me!" exclaimed old Skinflint one afternoon, in the presence of Dr. Johnson. "It is impossible to satisfy everybody! Some people are disliked for being too wealthy, and others are contemned for being poor; but I believe the mean is the best and happiest."

"You certainly ought to be an authority on the subject," remarked the Doctor, with great unction, "for a meaner man than yourself I never had the misfortune to meet with—even in Scotland."

***

Railway Mem.—On the Eastern Railway of France, there is about to be adopted a new kind of carriage-spring, which will altogether prevent oscillation, so that passengers can read with perfect comfort. It is said that a glass, full to the brim, has been placed on the floor of one of the new carriages in a train going fifty miles an hour, and not a drop of liquid was spilled. In English railway carriages they do not have glasses on the floor, but they give travellers plenty of "jars."

***

If all the musical instruments ran a race, why would one of the string species come in first?—Because the wind instruments must be blown before they even begin; any one can beat the drum.

***

There is one particular time when persons who arrange railway trains never omit to shunt. This is when they get into a muddle. The rule is then to shunt all the blame on to some one else's shoulders, and it is one of the few rules to which there is no exception.

***

Wonder what time it is? Why, deuce take it, I ought to have been out half an hour ago! Well, upon my word! (*With furious calmness*) Oh, this is fate, this is! Will I stop for a cup of coffee? No, I won't, not for fifty cups! What do you say, it isn't your fault? Who said it was? (*Slams the front door, and misses a train by about three seconds.*)

***

My Madeline, my Madeline,
Mark my melodious midnight moans,
Much may my melting music mean,
Mild, mingled murmuring monotones!

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy musing mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

'Mid moonlight music's masquerade,
More mirthfulness must mark my mien,
Meeting my matchless Murcian maid,
My Madeline, my Madeline!

***

Difficult to Prove.—In a book recently issued, which has for its object to teach people to "make home happy," it is boldly asserted that "a man is what a woman makes him." It is not easy to carry this theory to its logical conclusion. Supposing a wife makes her husband a smoking-cap, is *he* a smoking-cap? This will show how careful people should be who advise others on domestic matters.

***

A correspondent has turned up an entirely new kind of "beastie." He's only a vegetable, but his ways are felonious. He was discovered in a bin of port in a cellar. In shape he is something between a penny-winkle and an octopus, and his ramifications are most extensive, so much so, that he had covered all the walls of the gentleman's cellar when he posted his letter, and is now, I understand, crawling upstairs into the parlour. He doesn't bite, but he drinks like a fish, and has cuddling ways with him. The servant girls have all given warning.

TOOTSIE AT CROMER.

Cromer is a town of England, on the north-east c
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Mashing on the Pier.

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Thus says "The London Gazetteer for 1825," but some altera
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The Dook falls over the cliff.

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see the sun rise.

TOOTSIE AT CROMER.

Cromer is a town of England, on the north-east coast of Norfolk, and chiefly inhabited by fishe·men. Great sums have been expended in attempting to erect a pier, but without success, the sea washing it away. The town was formerly much larger than it now is, having had two churches, one of which, with many houses, fell a sacrifice to the inundations of the sea. On no part of the British shores have the encroachments of the sea been more remarkable. A town named Shipden (mentioned in Doomsday Book), which lay between Cromer and the sea, has entirely disappeared. "Cromer has a weekly market on Saturday, and a fair on Whitsun Monday; population, 848."

Mashing on the Pier.

Thus says "The London Gazetteer for 1825," but some alterations have since taken place; for instance, the population is now 849 or 50 even, if you count the baby.

Cromer, a few years ago, was the dullest of places, and on that account, I am told, was much beloved by those frequenting it. People got betrothed and went there meandering and maudlin "all over the shop," as the saying is. Husbands left their wives there, and felt safe. There was lots of bathing and little staring, and it was hardly worth while wearing becoming bathing-dresses. Unhealthy girls went there, and got red and strong again. It was, and still is, one of the most salubrious of seaside resorts. Its grassy-flowered and fern-covered cliffs have evoked the poets. My friend Clement Scott has sung of them. "Here on my back," says he, "in the sunshine lying, On the Lighthouse Cliffs amidst flowers and grass, I dreamily stir when the swallow is flying, And lazily listen

The Dook falls over the cliff.

when travellers pass; For the sea at the foot of the crags is breaking, And the breeze that's stirring the ferns is pure; So I ask where the rest of the world is taking, In orthodox fashion, its annual cure, Why don't they settle their 'ehs' and 'ifs,' And come and be lazy on Cromer Cliffs?"

We have taken Mr. Scott's advice, so far, and Lord Bob, the Dook Knook, the Hon'ble Billy, and I, have come to Cromer, and are doing (more or less) as Cromer does. Since the *Gazetteer's* time, a pier has been erected, which, up to date, has *not* been washed away, and two days ago we were strolling on it ("Mashing," as Bob called it). We also ascended the cliffs, but did not roll on the grass. The Dook, however, rolled over the cliff side, and if the stitches of his clothes had given way he would have been a dead man.

On Sunday we went in state to church, and Billy's snoring, till someone shook him up, was very impressive. It was more pleasant coming from church.

The *Daily Telegraph* of January 31, 1862, said, "Now, whether Wyndham return to his wallowings in sensual mire, or whether he will find his way back to Felbrigge, sadder and wiser, to count how much the lawyers and the rest have left him of wealth and health, the principle, at least, is asserted, for which we touched all this pitch, at risk of defilement. Folly is bad, but it is not mad; sin may be frenzied in its degree, and the right of punishment yet be vested in Nature and her laws." Haymarket Wyndham—"Mad Wyndham," as they called him—had his estates close to Cromer—the quaker's quiet corner. N.B.—Get up early, if at Cromer, and see the sun rise.

"They come on Sunday from the church"

VOTE for A. SLOPER,

The People's Ally.

VOTE for A. SLOPER,

The Shoe Lane Emancipator.

VOTE for A. SLOPER,

The Candidate who, during the recent Political Struggle, did more for the Public generally than any other living Statesman.

A FEW WORDS.

The Country is now passing through a most critical period, and it behoves every man to vote for the Party that will bring true happiness and prosperity to the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The question arises which is that Party, who is that Party? *Why,* A. Sloper, *of course!—the Emancipator of Mankind, the Free Distributor of Wholesome Drink for Man and Beast, and the Founder of* "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," *only One Penny weekly.*

To test the feeling of the Country on the subject of

HOME RULE,

A. Sloper *proposes that every subscriber to his* "Half-Holiday" *should send him a post-card, addressed,*

"HOME RULE,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

and written on the back the one word Yes, *or* No. *The former to mean that it is one vote in favour of Home Rule, and the latter, one vote against it. As the number of post-cards received will be enormous, to simplify matters, it is particularly requested that nothing be written on the post-card but:—*

FRONT.	BACK.
"Home Rule," "*The Sloperies,*" *99 Shoe Lane,* *London, E.C.*	YES, *or* NO.

This is the first real opportunity that has been offered the Public of expressing an opinion on the all-important subject, and Ally Sloper *will be greatly disappointed unless he settles the matter once and for all by this means. The numbers will be published in the* "Half-Holiday" *the same week that the world receives*

ALLY SLOPER'S MANIFESTO, No. 2,

which the Eminent Littérateur has almost completed, and which will knock all previous Manifestoes into a Cocked Hat.

*** *The last day for receiving Post-Cards is this day,* Saturday, July 10th.

LOST OR STOLEN.

(Air—"*I saw from the Beach.*")

I heard in the street, when the bright sun was shining,
A bark from the dog I had bought in the morn;
I came, when the sun o'er the street was declining—
The bark wasn't there, and the dog he was gone.

And such is the fate of depending on Thomas,
Than trust to his care we should better have known;
Each dog we were "nuts on" at morning cuts from us,
And leaves us at evening dogless—alone.

Ne'er tell me "a collar her neck was adorning,
With name and address, and its sure to be right"—
Give me back—give me back the dear dog I am mourning—
Her tail and her ears were my fancy's delight.

Oh! who would not welcome that doggy's returning,
When cropping had waked a new life thro' her frame?
What hope can I gain from the peeler by learning,
"She's picked up by prigs, and they're playing a game"?

BY THE NAME OF WILKINS.

Is it always the truly great who are most talked of and longest remembered when the turf grows green over their grave? This may sound a little melancholy, but I can't help it, for my heart is sad.

It grieves me sorely to think that had I not been accidentally hard-up for a subject, and chanced to look in search of one from my first floor window, the probabilities are the world would never have heard of Wilkins.

Indeed, it was only the other day that I first learnt his name.

At the place where I get shaved, I heard him spoken of as "a party by the name of Wilkins, who's the beadle, you know, round there in the square."

It would appear that Wilkins and I are shaved at the same shop, perhaps lathered by the same brush. The blood of Wilkins has been spilt—maybe as mine has now and again—by Wigson's nimble razor.

I interrogated Wigson upon the subject of Wilkins, but could gather only very trifling particulars regarding him, except that he was, in Wigson's opinion, "a rum 'un."

I asked in what this rumness lay, but Mr. Wigson seemed at a loss for details.

Except that he was partial to winkles at tea-time, and that his skin was thin and wouldn't bear shaving up, I don't know that Wigson had much to say about him.

Yet Wilkins is an amazing man. I have gazed upon him by the hour together, as he has reclined in the noonday sun against the square railings. I have watched him getting up his circulation on a chilly day by chasing small boys. I never knew a man who inspired so much terror among small boys. I never knew a man who could box a small boy's ears so effectually.

In other respects there is a great deal in Wilkins. He is weather-wise. I have noticed that Wilkins looks at the sky a good deal. I have known him to go to sleep while doing so.

He forms an opinion respecting rain by his study of the clouds. I have conversed with him upon the subject, and found him very positive in his prognostications. That they never came true, under any circumstances whatever, does not interfere with the truly scientific phraseology in which they are expressed.

He is married, and, I have reason to believe, is not happy in his domestic arrangements. Late at night I have heard Mrs. Wilkins giving him a little of her mind at the top of her voice.

On these occasions Wilkins is timorous of aspect and trembling of tongue. It is lucky the small boys don't see him in these moments of weakness. After all, we are all human, and it is not every one who has strength of mind to keep a pledge, even if he takes it.

I could talk of Wilkins for some time yet, but I see I have done the necessary quantity of copy.

THE SLOPER RELICS!!

WALK UP! WALK UP

AND SEE

A. SLOPER'S BRITISH LION,

the latest addition to the world-renowned "Relics," *on view daily at* "*The Sloperies,*" *99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C. The* "Alley Gazette" *says:—*"*At a time like the present, when we may say the Flag of Old England is in danger, it affords one delight and pleasure to see such a National Memorial erected by one from whom we little expected it.*" Note.—There is no Charge whatever.

UNCLE BOFFIN'S GUIDE TO THE "COLONIES."

Ms. Editor.—Sir,—Feeling sure that Mr. McGooseley had become impressed with the errors of his past conduct, and debarred himself from alcoholic indulgences, I saw no moral or legal objection to visiting the "Colonies" in his company. The fluent teetotal lecture that he gave last week there tended to stamp an erroneous impression on my plastic mind, sir.

"Tuck in yer tuppeny, Uncle."

During our journey to the show, Mr. McGooseley invited me to his father's castle, situated in the North of Scotland. It is known by a name totally unpronounceable by any one but a McGooseley, sir. He gave me to understand that the banqueting hall, which is spacious, fills the mind with those fixed ideas we entertain of ancient hospitality; and that the long oaken table, strongly supported, having creaked under many a load of substantial viands and wholesome home-made beverages; and the arched stone chimney, where solid logs of Scottish pine cheerfully blaze and crackle; the butler's pantry, &c., near at hand, are all standing marks of old-fashioned mirth and good cheer.

Mr. Moses, whom we had picked up on the way, made some caustic remarks about McGooseley's ancestral roof-tree being a common lodging-house in "Auld Reekie." Mr. Iky's injudicious sarcasm very nearly brought about a pugilistic encounter, which I prevented, sir. Then Mr. McGooseley subsided into tears, and, saying that he felt "hysterical," declined to be soothed until he had been taken into a common pothouse, sir, and stimulated with nine stiff glasses of Scotch whisky hot.

His observations as to his ancestors were becoming most obscure, sir, when we induced him to dry his eyes and enter the Exhibition. Making his way with a tangled gait to Sub-court XXXIV., he procured some samples of that important Indian extract, assafœtida; which is justly described as being an "intolerably nasty-smelling medicine." With a malicious gleam in his eyes, Mr. McGooseley showered the contents of five bottles over Mr. Iky, spilling a quantity of the stuff over himself at the same time. A panic occurred. The half-choked visitors sought fresh air; and in a few moments Messrs. McGooseley and Moses were left alone.

Iky and Bill Higgins divide the swag.

After a couple of "Bombay cocktails," just to take the unpleasant scent out of my nostrils, sir, I resumed my ramble through the galleries; and, owing to what I think you will admit, sir, to be a very pardonable nervousness, I felt highly perturbed at a *rencontre* with another member of the family in the shape of Cousin Evelina, who, espying my rather chubby pronounced form, caught hold of my coat-tails and decorated them with a dozen Tel-El-Kebir medals; and calling up the boys Alexandry and Bill Higgins, incited them to pelt me with some very watery pease-pudding. I managed, after a struggle, to get away, and immediately afterwards came in contact with Miss Tottie Goodenough.

After partaking of a very modest little dinner together, Miss Goodenough and I walked into the grounds, where we came across the boy Alexandry. The imp apologised for his scandalous conduct, and asked me, with lamb-like simplicity, to play leap-frog with him. I accepted his excuses, and diverted myself with this innocent game, much to Miss Tottie's amusement. At last I became a trifle giddy, and reclined on the grass until disturbed by an official.

Aunt Geeser objects to smoking in the railway carriage.

Being ordered to rise, sir, I immediately jumped from the sward, and saw, to my grief, Mr. Moses and the Boy Higgins dividing "swag"—"swag" they had palpably "nicked" from an innocent countryman. On my way home, sir, I accidentally got into a third class carriage, next compartment to that occupied by Aunt Geeser. Aunt objected to a male thing smoking. On his refusing to desist, she attacked him. He was seriously hurt. I went to his assistance. We are all to be summoned.—Circumspectively, Colonially yours, BOFFIN.

ENOUGH TO BRING HIM TO THE POINT, SURELY.

A Precocious Young Ruffian. I say, Old Smith, ma says you've been long enough settling. Why don't you let me and Mary build a house for you and Emma?

GOING UP TO HENLEY.—"Easy does it!"

ROTTEN ROW.—James is careful of his 'ealth, 'cause of the undecided weather, you know!

BOBBY WAXES MEDITATIVE—

1. Amongst others, he thinks of the white burning flags under his heavily-shod feet, the white burning sky above his heavily-thatched head, and clothed in a uniform of a material admirably suited for an Arctic expedition.

AND DRAWS COMPARISONS.

2. He thinks of the little blue-coat boy, swaddled in his long felt-lined coat, which must not be taken off on pain of death, or some such similar punishment, his bare, close-cropped head inviting sunstroke, and wonders whether the authorities would feel comfortable if similarly dressed.

CRASH!

When refused admission to the banquet given to our Indian and Colonial friends, Blurdston vented his wrath by kicking a waiter, and thereby causing no end of a row.

EXTRACT FROM A SEASIDE NOVEL.

1. "Enough, Matilda; you do not love me. You only chose me for my wealth and rank," said the Noble, bitterly.——2. "No, no! a thousand noes!" burst from her overcharged soul, as she sank softly into his embrace.——3. They had reached the summit of the cliff and stood lovingly linked together. "Then may I, darling Matilda, in one short month, call you mine?" "NO!" shrieked a voice, and the dark form of Count Congreele stood before them. He had fearlessly climbed the perpendicular face of the cliff unperceived.

4. The men glared at each other but for one short moment, then simultaneously sprang at each other's throats.——5. The struggle was fearful, but brief, for they had now got to the edge of the precipice. A shriek from Matilda told that they had both toppled over the giddy height together. Alas! alas! two other good men gone wrong.——6. (NOTE.—Here ALLY turned to the last page to see how it ended.) Amongst those to see happy Alderman Bladderly, and his blushing bride, Matilda, issue from the church, were two individuals whose appearance might lead one to suspect that they had just recovered from a severe railway accident. Reader, can you imagine that these two fractured, crushed, mangled, misshapen beings were what remained of the once gay Noble and the dashing Count?

SLOPER *en route* for the railway station.

SLOPER tries to get his "HALF-HOLIDAY" for nothing.

An old lady refuses to get off his trunk, and thereby causes him to lose is train.

SOLVING THE IRISH QUESTION.
No doubt about it.

MORNING PASTIME.—Amused and amusing.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM."
(SCENE AT BRIGHTON.)
It ought to have been a warning, only, of course, it wasn't.

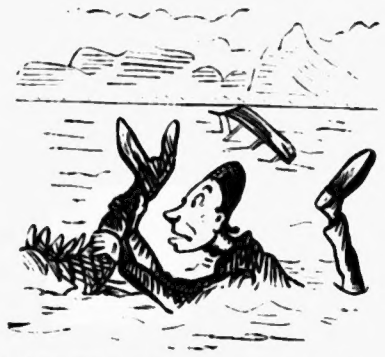
Old Toddles thinks himself a child again, and acts as such.

SEASONABLE.—"Having an easy time of it."

WHAT IS IT?
A real creeper (scarlet runner, or something of the sort) growing in a pot worn at the back and twined round the head and hat of the fair wearer. "All a-blowing and a-growing."

SWORN FRIENDS FOR LIFE.
When going home, Smith says, "Out and out them ducks, Brown; I never tasted better sparrer-grass.'—"Not bad fizz, eh?" says Brown; "'stonishing 'ow they does the thing for a bob a 'ed." Here a sleepy, not to say boozy, wink passed between the friends.

1. There was once a young and pious Missionary, who plighted his troth aboard ship to a young and guileless Maiden.



2. But a Storm arose, and everybody had to look to themselves—at least the Missionary did so—clinging to a Dolphin's tail.

3. So he reached the shore, still very pious, but rather damp.

4. But, sad to relate, he found the island on which he landed already most unpleasantly inhabited.

5. Luckily, though, a difference of opinion led to happy results, as far as our Missionary was concerned.

6. Only it seemed, in spite of this, that it was little better than out of the frying-pan into the fire.

7. And had not a noble Savage sent an arrow to the rescue? It was an arrow escape.

8. Only the noble Savare wanted to make a ragout out of the pious young Missionary.

9. But joy! joy! In the Savage Queen, whom should he recognise but the identical young and guileless Maiden he plighted his troth to.

10. Of course she saved him? On the contrary. "Put him in the pot,' said she, "with a few onions, a pinch of salt, and a good lot of pepper."

11. So the young and pious Missionary was potted accordingly, and these bones (well picked) are all that now remain of him.

AT THE SLOCOLINDERIES.—NOT HER FAULT A BIT.
Kind of Swell. I'll take four of brandy hot, my dear.
Unkind Barmaid. We are not allowed at this bar to serve youths under sixteen, sir. Please produce your baptismal certificate.

Mrs. Snapper, in Paris, shuts up Monsieur.

NOT ENTIRELY A FANCY SKETCH.
"She looked down upon him."

QUITE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.
Lady Professor. Many of our Lords and Masters stick fast at this Pons Asinorum, and never get over it. Suppose, now, we make a Bridge of Boats of it, and see how that will answer.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

Uncle Boffin was present at a reception given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (held recently at the Guildhall) to the representatives of the members of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. He thinks the guests must have been astonished to see the centre of the City of London changed into a garden reminding some of them of their own Eastern lands, so lavishly were the spacious chambers crowded with flowers and foliage of Oriental growth. The turtle soup also seemed to be much enjoyed.

* * *

The painted windows, which cost about £500, in the Scotch Church Rue Bayard, Paris, have been maliciously destroyed. The windows were given by Americans in memory of friends who had died in Paris. In a letter to the McNab of that Ilk, from a reverend clergyman, he says, "There is no reason to believe that the Scotch are unpopular in Paris," and goes on to say that "Paul Bert has proclaimed it aloud to 3,000 of the *jeunes gens des écoles*."

* * *

Perhaps one of the saddest sights in the world is the ceremony of a lovely young girl taking the veil and burying herself alive in a convent. There lately died in Baltimore a nun of the name of Agnes Gubert, who, according to Rubinstein's testimony, possessed the richest and most wonderful voice ever known within the memory of man. It is said that she was never allowed to sing in the choir, for fear she would grow vain, and repent what she had done. It is more than likely that this brutal restriction had the opposite effect, and that, deprived of the right to use the voice which she had dedicated to her God, it broke her heart.

* * *

At the Hammersmith Temple of Varieties Messrs. Acton Phillips and Son have been doing big business lately, under the efficient direction of Mr. Gordon. The great comedian, Herbert Campbell, is well to the fore, and things "Are all very fine and large" up Hammersmith way just now, when the eye of Rob Cunningham is on them.

* * *

The new comic opera, *Frivoli*, which is now being played at Drury Lane is quite as good as anything Augustus Harris has ever given us; the scenery and dresses being elaborate in every detail. Harry Nicholls and Co. make things hop along quite merrily, and make you feel sorry you can't stop and listen to them all night. By-the-bye, that was rather a breezy affair between Carr and Harris at the annual meeting of the Green Room Club, held at the Crystal Palace a short time back. Luckily, there were no heads broken.

* * *

"Where's Fanny?" is the question everyone is asking A. Sloper at the present time. What an idea! As if the eminent *littérateur* would know! Let them go and ask Charley Dilke, who came to grief over the cream-pot. The *People* says, "Both Mr. and Mrs. Crawford wish to be divorced, and since Fanny's evidence would undoubtedly cause the decree *nisi* to be confirmed, they cannot be concerned in keeping her concealed, since that would be diametrically opposed to their own interest. Therefore, it must be someone else who prevents Fanny from showing up in court." Ally wonders who on earth it can be?

* * *

Mr. Vaughan, in his magisterial capacity, is determined to "see fair" in any fight between a muzzled and an unmuzzled dog. Thus, in fining a publican recently for not having under proper control his unmuzzled retriever, which made a fierce attack upon a muzzled dog, Mr. Vaughan tacitly approved of the action of the complainant, who unmuzzled his dog in order to give him a chance. Yet another tip for Snatcher and Toddles.

* * *

England has been the refuge of distinguished exiles of all nationalities, but we venture to say that its hospitality was never more readily offered to any political exile than it is to the heir of the second most ancient Crown in Europe—the representative of the great Houses of Bourbon, Condé, Valois, and Orleans, a Prince in whose veins runs the blood of a line of Kings. This gallant and honourable gentleman, who has shown himself in every way worthy of the great name he bears, has been peremptorily turned out of his country, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment. So much is the name of Royalty hated by the French Republic.

* * *

The professors, students, and artistes of the North London Institute of Music gave their Annual Benefit Concert the other day at the Burlington Hall. The admirable programme was rendered in a highly praiseworthy manner, and all concerned are to be congratulated. The only mistake in the whole entertainment was, they did not play "Ally Sloper's Waltz," which bangs anything of the kind ever written. Band parts (brass and string) the Eminent will give gratis to anyone who applies at "*The Sloperies*."

Now is the time for all men who are fond of seeing some fine rowing, and for ladies fond of chicken and champagne, to make their way towards Henley. Elder McNab took Aunt Geeser (he is rather sweet upon her) there, and, with the exception of coming in collision with an eight, and being run down by a steam launch, got along first-rate.

* * *

A few days ago, H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) opened a grand bazaar in the University College Hospital Grounds, in aid of the funds of the Hospital. Tootsie, who is well-known to many of the medical students in Gower Street, was there, and says it was a "big go." Bravo, Tootsie!

* * *

Apropos of A. Sloper's recent visit to Hastings, among other joys, was a Cricket Match on July 5, given by the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Cricket Club, followed by a concert in the Public Hall, by the Anglo-Kaffir Minstrels. A portion of The Family, including the Eminent, Mrs. Sloper, McGooseley, the Hon. Billy, Alexandry, Evelina, Iky Moses, the Office Boy, and Major Penny, a military gentleman, were the centre of attraction. It was a difficult matter to restrain the audience from rushing on to the platform, and embracing the members of this "Merry Familee."

* * *

Some time ago, when bloodhounds were successfully employed by the police in bringing home a very atrocious murder to its author, some sentimentalists raised a howl against the enlistment of canine services. Tough old yarns about Spanish slave hunts were trotted out, and some of the "penny dreadfuls" gave a pleasant thrill to their readers by publishing woodcuts delineating the mastication of man. These sensitive folks will be up in arms and in tears again no doubt, when they learn that a poor human thief has been run to earth at Birmingham by a ferocious hound.

* * *

It was a happy thought to invite our Colonial and Indian visitors to see the university and city of Oxford, and the few hours spent on the banks of the Isis will doubtless be remembered by many of them as among the pleasantest of their sojourn in the old country.

* * *

Vienna has, after Paris, the distinction of being the first to give a practical trial to M. Pasteur's system of inoculation against rabies. The discovery is to be experimented with at the clinical department of Professor Albert, the first inoculation having been performed by Dr. Ullmann, who made a study of the system under M. Pasteur.

* * *

The annual Royal Caledonian Fancy Dress Ball, for the benefit of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and the Royal Scottish Hospital, took place at the New Club, Covent Garden, a few nights back, under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, besides a long array of lady patronesses connected with noble Scottish families, many of whom graced the Ball by their presence. But the centre of attraction was Mr. McNab, who came arrayed in full Highland costume, and his execution of a Scotch reel was admired by every one present.

* * *

The People's Palace, after four years of strenuous and devoted effort on the part of the Beaumont trustees and their supporters, is now in actual process of building, and if all goes well, the East-enders will in a few years have that palace of pleasure and usefulness, with its baths, its gardens, its gymnasia, its libraries, and its lecture-rooms, which not long since seemed almost an impossibility even to a writer of romance.

* * *

The 110-ton gun, the largest piece of ordnance yet manufactured in England, has arrived at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, from Sir William Armstrong's factory at Elswick. The new weapon is 44 ft. in length and 16¼ in. in diameter, the actual weight being 247,795 lb. The gun is at present fitted with a breech-screw, worked by hydraulic machinery, for use on board H.M.S *Benbow*. The *Benbow*, recently launched from Messrs. Samuda's yard on the Thames, is to be armed with four of these formidable weapons, and she will then be the most powerful vessel afloat.

* * *

A Dublin friend of Mr. Patrick Flannagan O'Flaherty states:—It is worthy of note that during the elections, and just after, no fewer than 30,000 Irish harvestmen and labourers will have arrived in England from their own country. Close on 8,000 agricultural labourers, from the counties of Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo, have left Dublin, the men going to almost every district of the Midlands and the Northern English counties.

* * *

Of course every one who can afford it is down at the seaside, and it is amusing to see old codgers, with their trousers turned up to their knees, paddling in a sand puddle, some floating a toy boat, others catching little crabs—men who, in London, would think it beneathing themselves even to wear a smile on their face, and would be shocked if they happened to step into a rain puddle in the streets. Such is the effect that the "sad sea waves" have upon us.

* * *

Plenty of people "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," but as a rule they have less reason for their modesty than had a Parisian hero the other day. He had saved a man from drowning, and the enthusiastic bystanders insisted on dragging him, much against his will, to the police station, that he might be rewarded. His delicacy was appreciated, when he was at once arrested for having passed himself off as a detective on a previous occasion.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A Calendar for the Week Ending July 17th, 1886.

11th July, 1797.—In a work by Leigh Hunt, first published as a supplement to his *London Journal*, and subsequently published in a separate form—*The Town*—mention is made of Charles Macklin, the comedian, who died this day, and some account is given of his old age, and of his haunts. His age is given as 107. Macklin was interred in the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Some twenty-seven years ago the vestry of that parish came to a resolution, on the closing of the graveyard, to cover up the coffins in the vaults. They packed them as closely as possible, and covered them with sifted earth, putting a layer of powdered charcoal as a covering to the whole. In moving the coffins, the churchwardens were interested in looking over the coffin-plates of the celebrities interred there, and came upon those of Macklin and his wife. The age is there stated to be 97 years. The tombstone in the graveyard gave the age as it is recorded in biographies—107. The following is a verbatim copy of the coffin-plate.

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN,
Comedian,
Died 11th July,
1797,
Aged 97 years.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long,
E'en wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freely run he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with calling time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

12th July, 1850.—Robert Stephenson, the engineer of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, died this day. King Henry VIII. looked upon church bells only as so much metal that could be melted down and sold; hence, in the destruction and distribution of church property in his reign, countless bells disappeared, to be sold as mere metal. Many curious coincidences attended this wholesale appropriation. Ships, attempting to carry bells across the seas, foundered in several havens, as at Lynn, and at Yarmouth; and fourteen of the Jersey bells being wrecked at the entrance of the harbour of St. Malo, a saying arose to the effect that when the wind blows the drowned bells are ringing. A certain bishop of Bangor, too, who sold the bells of his cathedral, was stricken with blindness when he went to see them shipped; and Sir Miles Partridge, who won the Jesus bells of St. Paul's Cathedral from King Henry, at dice, was, not long afterwards, hanged on Tower Hill.

13th July, 1791.—A writer in the *Bee* of this date, referring to the bad condition of the public roads in Scotland, thirty years previously, says: "A four-wheeled chaise was then unknown, the usual travelling carriage for hire being a close two-wheeled chaise, placed very low between the shafts. Coaches were the only carriages kept by gentlemen, which were usually drawn by *six* horses. These were generally accompanied by *running footmen*, who were easily able to keep pace with the horses, and whose assistance were often wanted to support the coach on each side, to prevent it from being overturned on the very few roads where they could be carried at all." A traditional anecdote is related of one of these *running footmen* (a half-witted fellow), who was sent from Glasgow to Edinburgh for two doctors to come and see his sick master. He was asked on the road how his master was now. "He's no' dead yet," was the reply, "but he'll soon be dead, for I'm fast on the way for twa Edinbro' doctors to come and visit him."

14th July, 1737.—This afternoon a large brown paper parcel, containing fireworks, which had been placed, unobserved, near the side bar of the Court of King's Bench in Westminster Hall, exploded with a loud noise, creating great alarm amongst the persons present. As the crackers rattled and burst, they threw out balls of printed bills, purporting that, on the last day of term, five libels would be publicly burned in Westminster Hall—the libels being five salutary but unpopular Acts of Parliament, lately passed by the legislature. Although a reward of £200 was offered for the detection of the author, printer, or publisher of the bills, neither were ever discovered.

14th July, 1558.—Amongst the last victims of the religious persecution, under Mary, were six persons who formed part of a congregation caught praying and reading the bible, in a by-place at Islington, in May. Seven of the party were burned at Smithfield on the 27th of June; the six who remained were kept in a miserable confinement at the palace of Bonner, Bishop of London, at Fulham, whence they were taken on this day and burned at Brentford.

15th July, 1886.—St. Swithin's Day.—

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

"The value to be placed upon the popular notion that if it rains upon the 15th July, it will do so for the forty succeeding days, may be learnt," says *The Times* of 10th August, 1861, "from the following facts from the Greenwich observations for the last twenty years. It appears that St. Swithin's Day was wet in 1841, and there were 23 rainy days up to the 24th August; 1845, 26 rainy days; 1851, 13 rainy days; 1853, 18 rainy days; 1854, 16 rainy days; and in 1856, 14 rainy days. In 1842 and following years St. Swithin's Day was dry, and the result was:—In 1842, 12 rainy days; 1843, 22 rainy days; 1844, 20 rainy days; 1846, 21 rainy days; 1847, 17 rainy days; 1848, 31 rainy days; 1849, 20 rainy days; 1850, 17 rainy days; 1852, 19 rainy days; 1855, 18 rainy days; 1857, 14 rainy days; 1858, 14 rainy days; 1859, 13 rainy days; and in 1860, 29 rainy days. These figures show the superstition to be founded on a fallacy, as the average of twenty years proves rain to have fallen upon the largest number of days when St. Swithin's Day was dry." The dropsical, parturient umbrella of former days (with one exception, that of a well-known eminent and slightly ancient *littérateurist's*) has shared the fate of the equally unwieldy Dodo, and exists only in museums in a fragmentary state; or embalmed in the conception of Charles Dickens, may be affectionately remembered by posterity as a "gamp," just as such a primitive, cumbrous instrument has been styled since I can remember, in France, "Un Robinson," from the huge umbriferous machine beneath which the hero of Defoe sheltered himself in his island from the ardour of a tropical sun.

16th July, 1377.—The coronation of Richard II., then in his twelfth year, took place this day. The young Prince passed to the Abbey under a canopy of blue silk, borne on spears of silver by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. In the market of Cheapside was erected a building in the form of a castle, out of which ran two streams of wine. On its four turrets were placed four girls dressed in white, and of the same age as the King. As he approached, they blew towards him small shreds of gold-leaf; then showered upon him florins made of gold paper; and, coming down, helped him and his attendants to wine out of cups of gold. To conclude this loyal entertainment, an angel descended from the summit of the castle, and offered to the King a golden crown.

17th July, 1817.—William Stevenson, who died this day at Kilmarnock, spent the greater part of his life as a beggar. When about eighty-five he was seized with an incurable disease, and confined to his bed. A few days before his death, feeling his end to be near, he sent for a baker, and ordered twelve dozen burial cakes, a large quantity of sugared biscuit, and a good supply of wine and spirits. He next sent for a joiner, and instructed him to make a good, sound, dry, roomy, "comfortable" coffin. Next he summoned a grave-digger, whom he requested to select a favourable spot in the churchyard of Riccarton, and there dig a roomy and comfortable grave. Shortly after this he died. Money and bonds to the amount of £900 were afterwards found hidden away. A will was also found, in which a sufficient sum was set aside to give a feast to all the beggars who chose to come and see his body "lie in state." The influx was immense; and after the funeral, all retired to a barn, which had been fitted up for the occasion, and indulged in revelries.

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TOOTSIE'S MAT

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Address—TOOTSIE, "
"The S

WIDOW LADY, aged 35, ta
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YOUNG MAN, 22, wishes to
18 to 20; lady must be dom
object, as advertiser has plenty
£500. Enclose photo, which will b
"Tootsie's Matrimonial Agen
London, E.C.

A BASHFUL YOUNG LAD
wishes to correspond with a
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good position. Money no object.
when married. Address, enclosin
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A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,
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A YOUNG LADY, aged 20,
young gentleman, aged abou
good and loving disposition, wi
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YOUNG OFFICER, 20, tall,
army, but, if desired, would res
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a view to marriage. All communi
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A YOUNG LADY, aged 18,
pretty, and of good figure,
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* * *NOTE.—Tootsie underta*
forward unopened, to the parti
reply to the above advertisement
which do not appear above, will

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

Must we always fight, love,
Sob and cry,
Pass in grief the night, love,
You and I?

Must we always scold, love,
Is it so?
Other tale we told, love,
Years ago.

Wipe away the tear, love,
On thy cheek,
Soon the storm will clear, love,
Only speak.

Sunshine after rain, love,
Cry no more;
Smile on me again, love,
As of yore.

Here's tobacco-leaf, love,
And a pipe;
Take the Indian chief, love,
For a type.

Let all trouble cease, love,
And be gay;
Smoke the pipe of peace, love—
Puff away!

Should a tremor take you,
Or a thrill
(P'rhaps the pipe will make you
Rather ill).

Should it not agree, love,
With your chest,
You will silent be, love—
I shall rest.

JULY MEMS.

Yachting should be approached with caution this month. In the burning heat of the dog days it is pleasant to shoot waterfalls, care being taken to use *muzzle* loaders. *Saddles* of mutton will be found to contain many tit-*bits*. Should it rain on St. Swithin's day, seize the opportunity of having umbrellas recovered; this is best effected by applying to private inquiry offices. Leo, the *Lion*, the sign of the month, is, on the main, best given a wide berth. The chief event of this month will be the *high* state of the meat market.

ABOUT DIAMONDS.

It seems to me to be a crying shame that a certain diamond should be hawked around from Court to Court, from millionaire to millionaire, in search of the miserable sum of ninety thousand pounds, for which anybody may become its proud possessor. If I wanted such a thing, and found it lying about, it isn't the price that would stand in my way. I wonder if it has ever occurred to the happy owner that, pending its sale, he might make a good thing of it by hiring it out for state occasions, balls, and so on, like Mister Somebody does dress suits? Or, again, what a glorious investment it would be for some society actress! "Miss De la Crême will appear as Juliet, and wear the Celebrated Diamond," would be an advertisement to draw half the feminine town. But, after all, there is more money to be made by letting it out at so much an hour, detective (to keep his eye on it) included.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WIDOW LADY, aged 35, tall, dark, considered handsome, wishes for a good, loving husband, about 40 or 50 years of age, in easy circumstances. She is very loving and cheerful, capital housekeeper, and clever woman of business. Address—"Nita," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG MAN, 22, wishes to correspond with a young lady, fair, 18 to 20; lady must be domesticated and fond of music; money no object, as advertiser has plenty for himself and wife; present income, £500. Enclose photo, which will be returned if desired. Address—W. S. J., "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A BASHFUL YOUNG LADY, aged 20, with dark hair and eyes, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, not under 24 with a view to matrimony. The gentleman must be fair and have blue eyes, light hair, and a nice moustache; also good-tempered, affectionate, and possess a good position. Money no object, as the young lady will have a fortune when married. Address, enclosing photo, "Gipsey," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 22, has £350 yearly, wishes to correspond with a young lady under 20; must speak French fluently. Money no object. Please send photo. Strictest secrecy observed. Address—"Xema," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 20, is desirous of corresponding with a young gentleman, aged about 22 to 24, dark and good-looking, and of a good and loving disposition, with a view to matrimony. She is very good-looking, golden hair fair complexion, healthy, and strong constitution, with £500 a year private income, described by her friends as "fetching." Unless photograph is sent, no notice will be taken of the letter. The strictest secrecy will be observed. Address—"Sairey," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG OFFICER, 20, tall, dark, considered handsome, in the army, but, if desired, would resign commission, desires to communicate with a young lady who is lovable, handsome, vivacious, and musical, with a view to marriage. All communications *must* be accompanied by photograph. Address—"Charlie," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 18, height 5 ft. 5 in., considered very pretty, and of good figure, light brown hair, dark grey eyes, curly fringe, income £300 per annum, of a gentle loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman. No notice taken of letters unless photos are sent. Address—"Edith," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A WELSHMAN, aged 28, of medium height, considered good-looking, and in business near London as a builder, and granite, and stone merchant, also possessing a small private income, wishes to correspond with a good-tempered, domesticated young woman fond of home, about 20 to 25 years of age, with a view to matrimony. Address, with photo, which will be returned if desired, to "Alf," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *It has come to the knowledge of* A. Sloper, Esq., M.P., *that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his* "Award of Merit." A. Sloper, Esq., T.W.M., *wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of* "The Editor's Letter-Box" *is bonâ fide, and a Prize of £100 and the* "Award of Merit" *itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.*

Mafiken, the Country of the Barolongs, South Africa,
May 5, 1886.

My Dearly Beloved Sloper,—My heart is white towards you. Your "Award of Merit" has reached me in this far land. I knew I had many friends "across the great river" in England. I remember it was your good people sent General Warren to help me in my troubles, and may say I am thankful to the "great and good Queen." Your "Award of Merit" is most beautiful. Your likeness, which adorns it, fills my soul with wonder. How is it your nose has grown so big? What a funny old hat you wear! I value your friendship, Sloper; and, if you lived near me, I would often come and see you. I give you the best blessing we have—"*A go ne pula*," *i.e.*, "Let there be rain."

This letter is written by my missionary, the Rev. Robert F. Appelbe, at my earnest request.

(Signed) MONTSIOA, F.O.S.,
Chief of the Barolongs, Banks of the Molopo.

Please send me a copy of the paper that contains this letter, so that I may read it to the Chief Montsioa. R. F. A.

18, Queen's Gate, 20*th June*, 1886.

Sir William Rose begs to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, the pretty and amusing picture, from his friend Ally Sloper, as well as his agreeable note, yesterday.

Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, 1886.
Office of the Executive Commissioner
for South Australia,
8, Victoria Chambers, Westminster London, S.W.,
21*st June*, 1886.

Sir Arthur Blyth acknowledges the receipt of a handsomely framed "Award of Merit," and a copy of "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

1, Old Burlington Street, W., 22*nd June*, 1886.

Mr. Birch has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the Order of Merit, which Ally Sloper has been good enough to confer upon him.

South Kensington, S.W., *June* 30*th*, 1886.

Dear Mr. Sloper,—Owing to absence from town, I have only just received the very handsome certificate which you have done me the honour to award me. Permit me to tender you my best thanks for it. Yours very truly, EDWARD CUNLIFFE OWEN.

RAILWAY INCIDENTS.

British railway journeys, unless enlivened by smashes and breakages, are generally dreary affairs. Now, if a bored dyspeptic really wishes to rub the rust off his mental condition, there's no better rasp than the Atlantic Express. Take passage on board one, ye hypochondriacs, and try. We give three mild samples of incidents which took place during an Atlantic Express trip towards the "Far, Far West." While the engine stopped at a wild-looking station to take in water, a man dashed from a car, sang poetically about the beautiful scenery, ran up a rocky crag, flung himself over a precipice, uttered a wild cry, and dashed his brains out on the stones beneath. An elderly gentleman, travelling in search of a runaway wife, was so affected by the scene that, next day, he removed the top of his scalp with the aid of a revolver. These two incidents so worked upon the mind and body of a stout, full-blooded, rubicund old gentleman that he turned purple, made strange noises, gave an unearthly yell, and shuffled off this mortal coil. They make things "hum" on the Atlantic Express.

CRICKET QUIPS.

PICKED UP AT MANCHESTER AT THE ENGLAND *v.* AUSTRALIA MATCH.

If a "player" gets "four for a drive," where does he take them to?

If a "player" "cuts for five," does he ask them what part of the joint they like, and whether well done or underdone?

As "pointing" is generally understood to be a sign of bad breeding, can a "gentleman" be found to undertake to "point"?

Would it be an offence for a "player" to give a "gentleman" the "slip"?

After a good long *bowl* at the wickets, is not the flowing *bowl* sometimes had recourse to?

How can we tell that cricket is a game to which ladies are partial?—Inasmuch as there is hardly a cricket match without its "maidens" and "misses."

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name.

Katie Barry,
Because she is a charming little actress.

Edward Clarke, Q.C.,
Because he got Mrs. Bartlett off.

W. G. Grace,
Because he "takes the cake" in cricket.

Corney Grain,
Because nothing he does goes against the grain.

Professor Huxley,
Because he solves great questions.

Nellie L'Estrange,
Because she deserves all the popularity she enjoys.

Maddison Morton,
Because he's the author of "Box and Cox."

Okita,
Because she is an amazingly clever conjuriste.

Colonel Robert Routledge,
Because he has done so much for the Volunteer Movement.

Charles Spiller,
Because, though a Charley, he has not yet "spilt the milk."

F. R. Spofforth,
Because he is Australia's demon bowler.

Lord Tennyson,
Because he wrote "Britons, Hold Your Own."

"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane,
July 10th, 1886. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A. Sloper's Arms.—The first public house round the corner.

Music of the "Tiles"—Hat-*bands*.

General Dealers.—Deal boatman.

"Hot love is soon cold, so is hot mutton."

Rum Shrub.—A boot-tree.

"The mile of human kindness don't suit the cat."

What a man wants to go through the world with is a good *liver*, and plenty of *pluck!*

Moon-bakers are not practical people, we know. They often *hoe* a lot of money, though! Ask the tradespeople.

Why are *pie*-ous people so *tart* in their tempers? It is such an easy matter *pudding* them out.

The laws are getting very severe—the game laws, especially. Very likely soon a man will have a month for *poaching* eggs!

We call this downright mean!—A servant-of-all-work happened the other day to *crack* a joke, and her missus stopped it out of her wages!

THE SKULL-HUNTERS: A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

By Captain Rayne Meade.
(Commenced in No. 107.)

CHAPTER IX. *(Continued.)*

A TRAVELLING PARTY ON THE PRAIRIE.

"Oh, do not say," I implored, "that her name is Donna Isabella Maria Elvira Serafina Inez de Fandango!" (Here I stopped to take breath.)

"I ain't going to say so, stranger," replied the prophet, "but I calkilate it is."

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" I cried, "my uncle! (if I may use that familiarity), pray strike; but hear me. I love Donna Isabella with

A long and fervent embrace.

an affection that will outlast time, eternity, perpetual motion, the Home Rule Bill, and all sublunary things; I love her to an extent that has completely taken away my appetite, and made me go without food for three hours and a half. Grant me, therefore, the Donna, if I can find her—you surely cannot miss one missus out of 467; and I will give you all I hold dear, even half the profits of my next romance of the prairie, which is certain to go like steam!"

With a generosity I never saw equalled, far less excelled, the great prophet agreed to take 50 per cent. more than I offered. The bargain was struck on the spot, and Isabella's name was struck off the list. My heart bounded so as to lift me almost off my horse, and I gave a prolonged shriek of gratitude.

Our cavalcade proceeded till we reached the fork of the River Plate, where a most affecting scene took place. One of the party was about to take his departure, and, like most men, he seemed very unwilling to part with his prophet.

"Venerable and prophetic being," he cried, "my hour is come, and I must go. Farewell! and if sixteen pages of praise in the newspapers can satisfy thee, thou shalt have it with all my heart."

They closed in a long and fervent embrace, mutually bathing each other in tears, and were almost pulled off their horses by the struggle. The scene was so affecting that we all wept in concert—keeping capital time—and our horses did the same. Every bird in the neighbouring trees sobbed with an inexpressible anguish, and even the grizzly buffalo and the catawampus panther were observed to wipe their eyes with their long and melancholy tails. In a few moments the stranger had skedaddled. Such is life!

I now turned to the tall and short cavaliers, one of whom had a white coat under his capa, and a double-headed eagle on it; and the other a dark complexion, and a head of hair whose like I shall not look upon again. Slapping them on the back with great respect, I cried, "Well my hearties, and who are you?"

They both replied simultaneously—particularly the shorter one—"My name is Max"—cried he.

"My name is Max"—cried the other.

Here they both stopped in a sudden fit of prudence. But their reticence was too late; for so loudly had they spoken that the echo, reverberating from the opposite side of the prairie, sent back the latter halves of the names about two seconds after they were spoken—

"——imo!"

"——imilian!"

At these words the scales fell from my eyes, and a sudden light shone upon me—so you may judge what a state my visual organs must have been in.

CHAPTER X.

THEIR IDENTITY DISCOVERED.

I knew them both now, well. Grasping the hand of the taller one, I said, "I ain't much up in titles; but I kinder guess I'm real glad to see that your Royal Serene Highness of an all-fired Imperial Majesty——"

"Not that name," the cavalier answered, sternly; "I've had quite enough of it, thank you. As an arch-duke, I can bridge over most difficulties; but, as an Emp-eror, I run some chance of a hemp-en rope. I am now plain Maximilian——"

"Not very plain either," I remarked. (N.B. This was a compliment).

"And, having had quite enough of the beauties of Mexico, I am now going home to my Mar—to my Mira—mar." (Here, he was almost drowned in emotion.) "One legacy," he added, "I will leave to this unhappy country, and of that I must beg of you to take charge, and deliver it into the hands of any future governor of the country who may require it." He handed me a sealed packet, saying, "You will preserve this inviolate."

"Most decidedly," I answered, and immediately afterwards, in pure forgetfulness, I broke it open, and perused the contents.

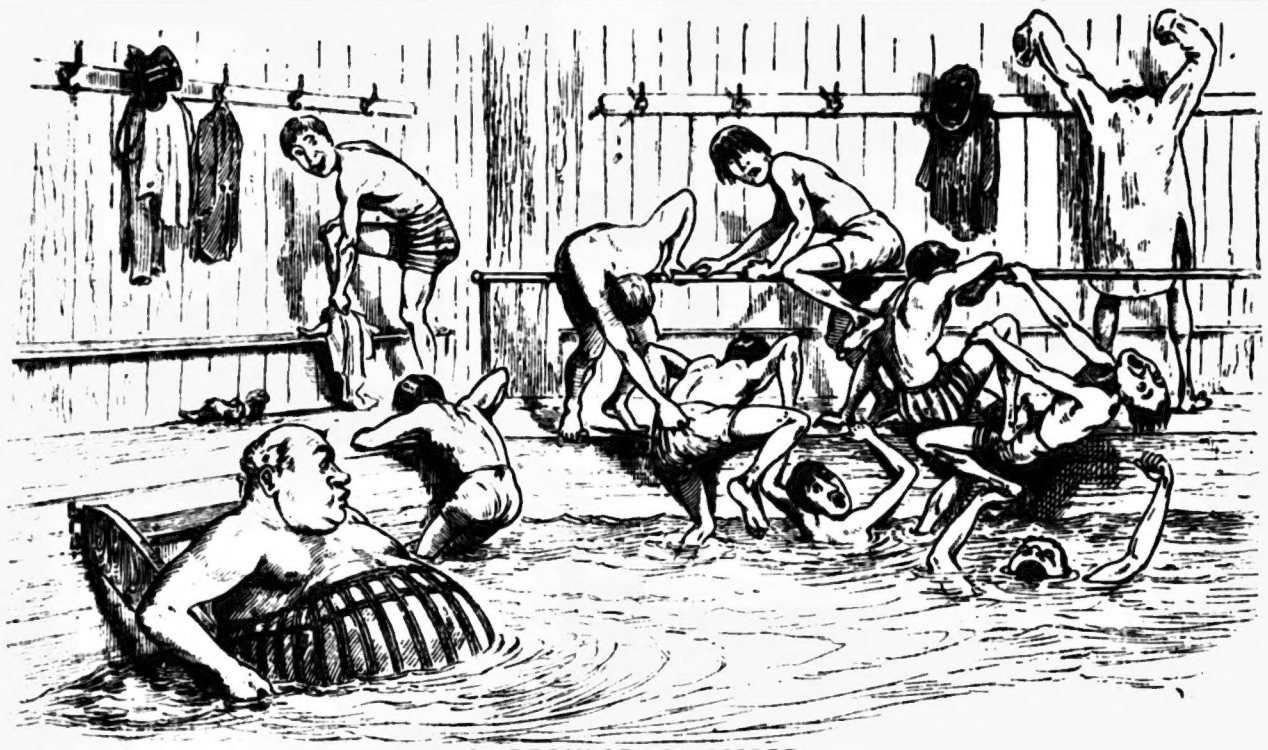
It was a formal declaration of the reasons why the undersigned had retired from the government of Mexico, coupled with some words of warning and very sensible advice to all future rulers of the country. Inclosed in it was a free pass to any respectable lunatic asylum for anyone who should attempt to become Emperor of Mexico.

They both replied simultaneously.

As we rode on, I turned my attention to the smaller cavalier, and said, "Well, Maximo, my hearty, how are you, and how is the amiable and charming Bartola?"

"Iothszolctkotetl!" he replied in the Aztec language, "flourishing to a degree, and well we may be, while the dollars turn in at their present ratio. We are soon off to exhibit before the crowned heads of Europe, in which tour our governor rather calkilates to release—but, hold—I am betraying secrets."

(*To be continued next week.*)



A REGULAR SWAMPER.

Rise of water six inches! Dreadful panic among the non-swimmers.

NOT TO BE HAD.

'Bus Conductor.—'Ighbury! 'Ighbury!
Foot Passenger.—Hi! you ve dropped something.
B.C.—What? *F.P.*—The letter H.
B.C.—All right, guv'nor; I ll pick it up at Hislington.

THE RAIN OF TERROR.

Paterfamilias and Family return from their holiday. The last 'bus has gone and it a coming on to rain. Paterfamilias wonders whether it will run to a cab; but feeling in his pocket, he finds he has lost his purse, and they have to trudge home, wet to the skin.

A PIG-HEADED STORY.

1. 'Twas at the close of a long summer's day that Paddy and his pig were found in this condition.

2. Don't think him idle, though; for all day long he been driving that there pig in this 'ere fashion.

3. Only he wouldn't go the right way.

4. And he got into other people's ways.

5. And then there were some pig words used.

6. And when he went right he went too fast.

7. And kept on at it.

8. And went over.

9. And Pat after it.

10. And so at last the pig was killed, and he took it home pig-a-back.

COMPLIMENTS PASS, ETC.—(HENLEY REGATTA.)

Little Paddles (identifying himself with one of the rowing eight).—Well, what d'ye think of us?
Friend.—You may be strong, but you're precious ugly, and awfully short.

Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match.—The Best Man to be created a Baronet.

RAILWAY GUARDS.

"Just as if we don't know a thing or two."

ON THE COAST OF FRANCE.

'Arry (who is a trifle near-sighted, to his Pal on tour, observing on the distant beach a group of the usual wicker chairs placed for hire.—'Ullo, old chum, blest if there ain't a skittle alley 'ere! Are yer hon!

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